December 3, 2019

[This episode begins with a storm front moving in on the Dunn house. We cut to Sally in her room getting ready. She jumps down off of her hammock bed into a pair of boots.]

Sally: Rainboots, check!

[Cut to Sally putting on a rain coat.]

Sally: Raincoat, check!

[Then Sally throws on a snorkel and goggles]

Sally: And now I’m ready for rainy day fun!

[Cut to Sally walking towards the front door in slow motion, with clear determination on her face. Sally makes it to the door.]

Sally: This is gonna be my best rainy day adventure ever!

[Sally opens the door. There’s a huge crash of lightning in the distance, then an enormous gust of wind pushes Sally across the room, causing her to tumble into the kitchen. A bunch of pots and pans falls on her head. Sally exits the pile dazed.]

Sally: In my forecast it seems that there’s a torrential downpour with a very slight 95 percent chance of sudden death.

Max: Yup

[Cut to the other Dunns eating breakfast, looking on bored. Sally mopes over to the table and crashes onto it.]

Sally: Aw… but today was supposed to be an adventure! What am I gonna do now?

Robert: I’m sure that you’ll think of something.

Max: Yeah, she always does.

Autumn: I’ll get the bunker ready.

Sally: Hey, I don’t get that wild.

[Cut to the living room, focusing on the stereo. Sally, wearing a ridiculous costume, rushes over to it and puts in an Eternity Forever CD. She raises the volume up to 11.]

Sally: There, that’s about two quieter than I usually go.

[Sally sticks her tongue out.]

Sally: So, let’s get this party started.]

[The camera pans back to show that the living room has been filled up with Sally’s toys. Sally starts dancing to the loud music.]

[Cut to upstairs. Max is trying to quietly read his comic book when dust starts to fall from the ceiling onto his comic book.]

Max: And so it begins.

[Max pulls some headphones out of his desk drawer and continues to read his book. The music is mostly muted, but we still hear the vibrations. The camera focuses to a bowling ball on top of Max's wardrobe. It slowly, slowly teeters towards the edge of the wardrobe.]

Max: Well, I gotta use the bathroom.

[Max gets out of his chair, and then the bowling ball falls down, and hits a floorboard. The other side of the floor board rises up and his Max in between the legs, causing him to fall down onto the bowling ball.]

Max: Sally…

[Cut to Sally dancing around the living room. She doesn't notice Max walk up. Max goes into a shouting rant, but he can't be heard over the music, so he just angrily rants in silence. Sally notices him and appears confused for a second. A thought bubble appears above her head, where she thinks that Max is dancing to the music. She gives Max a thumbs up. Max looks confused and angrily starts ranting louder, so Sally joins him in this "dance."]

[After a beat, Max walks over to the stereo, but he ends up stepping one of Sally's toys and starts clutching his feet, bouncing around. Sally copies him immediately, and ends up bumping into him, knocking them both over. Cut to Max silently yelling at Sally.]

[While Max is doing this, Autumn, Robert, and Gumdrops enter the room. Robert turns off the stereo.]

Max: Like suspenders on a washing machine!

Autumn: What’s going on down here?

Sally: Oh, Max and me were just dancing to some Eternity Forever.

Max: Why would I ever listen to your garbage music? I was on my way to smash that forsaken disc.

Sally: Well sorry that you just don’t understand my sophisticated taste in music.

Max: Well you don’t understand ANYTHING AT ALL!

Robert: Uh guys… there’s no need to fight.

Max: Of course there’s no need. I’d win without question.

Sally: Ha, I doubt it. Winning requires understanding your opponent, and you wouldn’t know being Sally from being a pumpkin.

Max: What does that even mean?

Sally: If you knew me then you’d know.

[Sally sticks out her tongue.]

Max: Sounds like you’re suggesting a dare duel, aren’t you?

Sally: I what?

Autumn: I don’t know if I’d recommend that.

[Sally thinks for a moment.]

Sally: Well, if Autumn doesn’t recommend it, it’s gotta be a good idea.

[Autumn facepalms.]

Sally: I think that I’d make a WAY better Max than you could make a Sally.

Max: Is that all you got? This’ll be easy. All I need to do is annoy everyone in the house relentlessly.

Sally: Oh you are so going to lose.

Max: Robert, Autumn, looks like you’re going to be the judges on this one.

Robert: Sorry to say Max… but I think Sally’s got you beat on this one.

Max: Wow, thanks for the vote of confidence.

Sally: Well if everyone already thinks that I’m gonna win this one.

Autumn: Nah, Max is going to win this one.

Sally: What!? How could you!?

Autumn: It’s not so much that Max knows you. I just don’t think you could do the stuff that Max does.

Sally: Fine. It looks like we’ll have to use Gumdrops as our judge.

Max: Your pony? He’s clearly biased.

[Cut to Gumdrops dressed up as a cheerleader for Max. He quickly drops a Max flag and hides it.]

Max: Alright, Gumdrops it is.

[The two of them spit into their hands and shake together.]

Max: So what’s gonna happen when I win?

Sally: When I win, there’s gonna be a new holiday in this house - Sally Appreciation Day. With presents and balloons and a cake and—

Max: So… a birthday party then?

Sally: Nu-uh, a Sally Appreciation Day where you got to do each and every little thing I say.

Max: And if I win, I guess it’ll be a Max Appreciation Day?

Sally: Yeah, like you’re gonna win. You’re not even dressed for it.

Max: Dressed for what?

[The camera pans back to show Sally dressed as Max, wearing clothes that fit her perfectly.]

Sally: Good thing we kept your old clothes.

Max: Yeah… as great as that is, I don’t think YOU have anything that’ll fit me.

[Jump cut to Max wearing a Sally outfit that fits him perfectly. He is unhappy.]

Max: You have clothes that fit me perfectly.

Sally: Yeah, I buy my clothes YEARS ahead.

Max: Why?

Sally: You’re Sally, you tell me.

Max: Because I’ve made it my mission to be a thorn in my brother’s side.

Sally: Well, I’ll give you an A for effort. Hmmm…

Max: What?

Sally: There’s just… something missing. I can’t put my finger on it.

Max: Just what are you getting at?

Sally: What’s that behind you!

Max: What?

[Max turns around, and Sally opens up a window. Sally pushes Max’s head out there. He’s quite annoyed for a few moments. When Max takes his head back into the house, his hair is all windswept and he has a branch full of brown leaves stuck in his head that looks suspiciously like Sally’s ponytail. Part of the garden also hit his head, so there’s brown spots and a flower sticking out. Sally holds up a picture of herself next to a still dazed Max.]

Sally: Can you even tell the difference?

Robert: Not at all. (Laughs).

[Max shakes himself out of his daze.]

Max: Alright, you had your fun. Now it’s my turn. Don’t you have something to be doing right now?

Sally: Uh… of course!

Max: What then?

Sally: Uh… grow potatoes?

Max: [Sarcastically] Yes, that’s what I do in my spare time. I grow potatoes.

Sally: See, I know you better—

Max: NO, NO POTATOES!

[Robert walks up.]

Autumn: Ahem… Max, the washer has been a bit on the fritz lately, hasn’t it?

Max: Oh yeah, MAX, the washer has been on the fritz. I can’t get any laundry done until you fix it.

Sally: Oh… right, washing machine.

[Sally starts stomping off, annoyed. Cut to Robert and Autumn.]

Robert: So that’s the way you wanna play, huh?

Autumn: How long have you known me?

Robert: Well, two can play at that game.

Autumn: What are you—

Robert: Oh Sally, sorry to hear about the broken washing machine. But I know something we can do in the meantime.

Max: Uh… what would that be?

[Cut to Max dressed up as a princess in the kitchen. Robert, and Gumdrops are all there surrounding the table in a girly tea party. Robert holds the teapot in front of Max.]

Robert: More tea, princess Sally?

Max: [Through his teeth.] Why certainly.

Robert: Oh my, someone doesn’t sound themselves today. Is something wrong?

[Max immediately gets nervous and looks to Gumdrops.]

Robert: You always get so into our tea parties, Sally.

[Max angrily puts his pinky out.]

Robert: You’re gonna need to try a little bit harder than that.

Max: So just what am I supposed to do?

[Gumdrops comes in, carrying Charmichael on his back.]

Robert: Oh look, your prince has arrived.

Max: My… prince?

Robert: It looks like he’s ready to take his princess on a dance.

[Cut to Max holding Charmichael in the middle of the kitchen.]

Max: I hate you so much right now.

[Robert turns on the stereo to more classical music.]

Robert: Whatever, just start waltzing.

[Max rolls his eyes and he starts dancing with Charmichael, and he does it fairly well leaving both Gumdrops and Robert dumbfounded.]

Robert: He’s a lot better at waltzing than I thought that he’d be.

[Gumdrops nods vigorously.]

Robert: Sally’s never gonna win at this rate.

[Gumdrops looks at Robert and snorts angrily.]

Robert: What? I’m playing fair.

[They’re both interrupted by a frog hitting the window behind them. Robert smiles and opens up the window. Cut to Max ending his dance and getting a bow. Flowers start getting thrown towards him. Cut to reveal that it’s Gumdrops throwing them.]

Max: Thanks for that.

Robert: Well Sally, it seems that another prince is vying for your attention.

Max: Who, Mr. Snuggles?

[Robert shows Max the frog.]

Robert: I dunno, I haven’t gotten properly acquainted.

[The frog leaps from Robert and jumps into Max’s hands.]

Max: Oh you’ve got to be kidding me.

Robert: It’s a beautiful fairytale don’t you think?

Max: I highly doubt that Sally would kiss a frog.

Robert: The animal princess wouldn’t kiss a frog?

Max: She would definitely kiss a frog.

[Cut to a slow motion shot of Max kissing the frog. The frog seems uncertain at first, and afterwards it starts blushing. Afterwards Max rushes over to the sink and starts cleaning his mouth out.]

Max: Gross, gross, gross!

Robert: Well, how would you expect a princess to act?

[Max thinks for a moment.]

Max: How would I expect a princess to act? Kiss my hand.

[Max offers it. Robert looks very nervous for a moment.]

[Cut to Sally in the basement. Autumn is sitting on a chair right next to it.]

Sally: So… this is a washing machine.

Autumn: Yup, and it was a washing machine ten minutes ago. Max would have it done by now.

Sally: Yeah, I doubt that.

Autumn: At the very least he would have gotten started trying to fix it.

Sally: It sounds like this washing machine isn’t the only thing I need to fix.

[Sally starts reaching around in the machine and then falls in. She gets spun around in a cartoonish manner and gets spit out across the room, soaking wet. She spits out a jet of water.]

Autumn: Do you think perhaps that a took would be helpful?

[Sally rolls her eyes and looks to a tool box in the corner on a shelf. Sally tries to grab it, but it proves too heavy and instead she falls to the floor.]

Sally: That was heavier than I expected.

[Cut to Sally trying to pull the toolbox off of the shelf again and again.]

Sally: What does he keep in this thing!?

Autumn: Coconuts, I’m sure.

[Sally turns towards Autumn.]

Sally: That attitude of yours is NOT helping me.

[Sally pulls again. The toolbox falls over, opens, and tools go scattering everywhere. A screwdriver gets stabbed in the wall right above Autumn. She barely seems to fret.]

Autumn: I don’t think that Max has ever gotten me killed while repairing appliances, but I might be mistaken.

Sally: Ha ha, no where’s that—

[As Sally speaks a hammer falls from the ceiling and strikes her in the head.]

Sally: Hammer. And that—

[A wrench follows, also striking Sally in the head.]

Sally: Thank you ceiling elves, you have aided me in the grapes of my quest!

[Sally shakes off her daze.]

Sally: Okay, time to fix that washing machine!

[Sally marches over to it, holding the tools. Cut to the kitchen. We hear noises of tools, then electric shock, and then Sally getting tossed around. Finally Sally crawls upstairs, soaking wet. She struggles to get into the kitchen. Cut to her crawling into the living room.]

Sally: The washing machine is… done!?

[Cut to Max on the couch, both Robert and Gumdrops are serving him. Gumdrops has brought him a plate of food, while Robert fans.]

Sally: What are you doing?

Max: Playing princess.

Sally: Well uh… the washing machine is done.

Robert: Yes, the washing machine. Which means that Sally has to do the laundry, thank Santa.

Sally: Which means that Max gets to go play (giggles).

Max: Well, Max doesn’t giggle has he does it. Who couldn’t do laundry?

Sally: It’s a little bit more challenging than you might think.

[Cut to Max pulling a hamper of clothes out of Sally’s room.]

Max: More challenging than I might think, ha. This was easy.

[Sally walks by.]

Sally: Cuz you didn’t get it all.

Max: What do you mean? This is your… I mean MY hamper.

Sally: Yeah, you forgot about Gumdrops’ dirty clothes.

[Cut to Gumdrops looking sheepish.]

Max: Oh right, how could I possibly forget. Where is his clothes hamper?

[Gumdrops sheepishly walks over to a wall, kicks it a time or two and a secret door

slowly comes open. Inside is a huge pile of clothes.]

Max: Uh… Gumdrops goes through all of that in one week?

Sally: What are you crazy? That’s one day’s load.

[The avalanche of it all falls down onto Max, Sally, and Gumdrops. All three of them pop in costumes - Max dressed as the cheerleader; Sally as the princess, and Gumdrops as a bride.]

Max: You really dressed up as a bride? Today? Why!?

[Gumdrops looks on with a shrug and a smile.]

Sally: Well you have fun with the laundry. I’m gonna go have fun with your stuff.

Max: Well, remember, those Sparkle Princess toys you’re thinking about are in mint condition and Max would never open the box to play with them.

Sally: Phfft, like I was thinking about playing with your Sparkle Princess toys.

[Cut to Sally with her face pressed against the glass of a display case that was hidden behind the wardrobe.]

Sally: Of course Max would be the kinda kid who gets the rarest, most expensive toys just to NOT play with them.

[An alarm starts ringing and Sally backs off as the entire room seems to be engulfed in a red light.]

Max: {Voice over} Intruder alert. Intruder alert!

Sally: What?

[Glue pours down on the ceiling all over Sally.]

Sally: I prank a guy once by acting crazy and all of a sudden he doesn’t trust me.

[A bowling ball falls from the ceiling and hits Sally in the head.]

Sally: And why does he keep his bowling ball on top of his wardrobe!

[Sally falls over, landing on the loose floorboard. It tips over a bucket full of darts. Sally gets up and looks at it in panic. She quickly cringes as the darts go past her.]

Sally: Whew, that was a close one.

[Feathers rain down on her head. Sally is unamused.]

[Cut to Max in the laundry room. It’s absolutely filled to the brim with a ridiculous amount of laundry.]

Max: Alright… this shouldn’t be too hard. It’s only every piece of fabric for twenty square miles.

[Robert enters with a hamper full of laundry.]

Robert: Oh, I almost forgot to give you mine.

[Robert pours down the laundry on Max. Max looks angrily as he gets covered in the stuff.]

Max: Of course.

[Max starts thinking]

Max: There’s no way that Sally could do all of this on her own.

Robert: Oh yeah, you’re right! She usually has the help of her favorite Eternity Forever tunes.

[Robert reveals a disc, called Jump and Jam. Max angrily grabs it.]

Max: I doubt she does it with you around, so get out of here.

Robert: C’mon, you gotta get into the spirit of the game.

[Max looks at Robert angrily, and then he smiles.]

Max: Spirit of Sally, huh? So I suppose I should be doing your laundry first.

Robert: Well, that would definitely be nice.

[Max starts shoveling Robert’s clothes into the washing machine.]

Max: Hey, you remember what Sally did to me when I put itching powder in her shirt?

Robert: She uh… made all of your clothes—

[Max holds up a red sock above the washing machine.]

Robert: You think some pink delicates is gonna phase me?

Max: Delicates, huh?

[Max changes the washing machine’s mode to “shred”.]

Robert: C’mon Max, that’ll tear them apart.

Max: Max is upstairs. Sally is a little bit angry at this moment.

Robert: C’mon, that’s not fair!

Max: You want your laundry done your way, you do your laundry yourself.

[Robert tosses more clothes at Max.]

Robert: Fine, take Autumn’s clothes too.

[Robert stomps upstairs. Max shakes his head.]

Max: What a crybaby.

[He lowers the setting on the washing machine.]

Max: Hmm… it’s gonna take me forever to wash all of this stuff. That’s right, because I’m not thinking like Sally! How would Sally get a bunch of clothes done really quickly?

[Cut to the kitchen, Robert is trying to think of a new strategy, while Autumn walks in gloatingly.]

Robert: How is it going with you?

Autumn: Oh well, Max is trying to play Mages and Machine Guns with his online friends at the moment.

[Cut to Sally upstairs on the computer. She’s surrounded with a bunch of rule books, and there’s a Tabletop RPG on the screen.]

Sally: Okay, so I’ve read through the player’s handbook #3 and I want to uh… move here.

Game Store Girl #2 (Aurora): Oh, if you want to do that, you’ll need to look through the player’s handbook #7.

Sally: Fine, then I uh… don’t do anything.

Stuart: Well then the necromancer shoots you with a fireball and you explode and die.

Sally: You know, I think that was the best possible option.

[Cut to the kitchen.]

Autumn: I told you that Max has this one downpat.

[The phone rings, and Autumn rushes over to answer it. April is on the other line.]

Autumn: Hello?

April: Oh hello Autumn, is Sally there at the moment? She doesn’t appear to be picking up her cellphone.

Autumn: Sally? Why yes, I think that I’ll go and get her right away.

[Autumn walks past Robert with a smile.]

Robert: Who was it?

Autumn: Oh just Sally’s best friend in the whole world.

Robert: You’re not—

Autumn: I am.

Robert: Sally, the real Sally, ain’t gonna be happy with what you’re about to do.

Autumn: Oh, I’m sure that she’s gonna be fine.

[Autumn walks off.]

Robert: Not if I have anything to say about it.

[Cut to the basement. Max is standing on the washing machine, flooding the place with water.]

Max: This should do it.

[Max takes out a box of detergent.]

Max: Say goodbye to dirty laundry!

[Autumn walks down the stairs.]

Autumn: Hey Sally—

Max: Okay, can you please start calling me Max and Sally Sally, because this is really starting to confuse me.

Autumn: Alright, well, there’s a phone call for Sally, and she’d always take a break from laundry to deal with it.

[Max shrugs and he wades over to the stairs, throwing the box of detergent behind him. As Max climbs up the stairs, we hold on the detergent releasing a bunch of bubbles.]

[Cut to the kitchen. Max picks up the phone.]

Max: Hello, who is it?

April: Uh… Max? Grown-ups sometime. I instructed Autumn to get Sally. I wish to have a bit of a condensation.

Max: Uh… I'll go—

[Max notices Gumdrops. He looks over a comic book to stare at Max.]

Max: You're talking to Sally right now.

[April gives a very unamused expression. Then she smiles slyly]

April: Okay then, Sally. I just wanted to talk about this most darling dress that I saw at the mall yesterday.

Max: Uh… dress?

April: Oh yes, it is the most luxurious thing that I've ever saw. It'd look fabulous on you.

Max: I… don’t know about that.

April: Oh pish-posh Sally, you’re too hard on yourself. With the right pair of shoes, it would be breathtaking.

Max: I seriously—

April: Is something wrong, Sally dear? You’re usually so much more into our fashion talks.

[Max groans.]

Max: I guess you’re right. I’ve been a little bit off today. A dress you say? It sounds awesome.

April: Oh yes, it’s pink and it has frills for miles. I can’t wait to see you in it during one of our shopping sprees.

Max: I can’t wait to wear it.

April: You do love our shopping sprees don’t you?

Max: Oh yes, best part of my week.

April: How much do you love them?

Max: My week would be incomplete without them.

April: There is one thing that I’m trying to figure out.

Max: What nailpolish will go with this dress?

April: Oh no, I have that selection downsplat. I’m wondering what you’re gonna give me for the recording, Max.

[Max looks annoyed.]

Max: You didn’t—

April: Kid-code, Max. Don’t worry, our little chat is safe with me. Besides, it seems Sally already has plenty of dirt on you already.

Max: Sally hasn’t done anything to me.

Sally: Yeah, but she’s gonna, real soon.

[Cut to Sally standing in the kitchen entrance, with Robert standing behind her.]

Max: I uh… gotta go.

[Max hangs up the phone and starts to run towards the basement. He opens the door, and is greeted by a pile of bubbles. He quickly closes the door behind him.]

Sally: You went too far, Max.

Max: I was just on the phone with April.

Sally: That isn’t what Robbie said.

[Max looks angry and eyes suspiciously at Robert.]

Max: What did Robbie say?

Sally: You wanna be Sally so badly, let me help you with that.

[Sally angrily walks towards Max with a sinister smile. Cut to Max in Sally’s room. Max is wearing an Eternity Forever fangirl outfit.]

Sally: And with some music to set the mood.

[Sally turns on her radio and some music starts playing.]

Max: Setting the mood, for what?

[Sally reveals her Lucas poster.]

Sally: This is Lucas, the keyboardist from Eternity Forever.

Max: Yeah, I get that.

Sally: Isn’t he so dreamy? Doesn’t it just make you wanna kiss him?

[Sally stands next to Max and makes lovely dovey eyes.]

Max: I can’t kiss a poster—

Sally: Of course, I’m so silly. You’re not ready yet!

[Sally reveals a pair of lipstick and starts walking towards Max, with a sinister smile. Sally knocks Max off camera. And then there are clouds of make up dust. Cut to Max all made up.]

Sally: There you go, all made up for the boy of your dreams, Sally. Your good big brother got you all ready..

[Sally holds the poster up.]

Max: W-without dinner and a show?

Sally: Oh, how silly of me.

[Cut to a pink pony on the screen with long eye lashes, and a blue one.]

Pink pony; I love you!

Blue pony: Well, I super duper love you!

[We zoom out to see that this is a show on the television. Max and the poster are sitting on the couch and there’s a table with spaghetti on it between the two. Sally walks up.]

Sally: Can I get anything else for you two lovebirds?

Max: Make it stop! Make it stop!

[Sally holds up the poster again. Max rolls his eyes and kisses the poster, and then he spits it out.]

Max: Gah, what is it with you and kissing stuff anyway!?

Sally: What do you mean?

Max: Between the poster and the frog.

Sally: I've never kissed a frog before.

Max: But Robert said—

[Max thinks for a moment.]

Max: Say, what did Robert say that I was telling April on the phone?

Sally: All of my most embarrassing secrets.

Max: I think that we got played. It doesn't really matter, the stuff I had to do as you was way more annoying than dealing with you.

Sally: I thought so to, until I played that Mazes and Machine Guns. You need an entire book to tell you how to walk!?

Max: Book to tell you how to walk? Oh, that was… fourth edition. Fifth edition is way more streamlined.

Sally: But Autumn said—

[Both Max and Sally look at each other, and they are rather unamused.]

Sally: Why those two-timing

Max: Low-down

Sally & Max: Traitors!

Sally: They probably didn’t even tell you how to do the laundry right!

[The basement door explodes open and bubbles fills up the first floor to the point that both Max and Sally are floating on them.]

Sally: Huh, you had a bit more Sally than I thought in you.

[The bubbles pop and laundry scatters everywhere.]

Max: Well, it looks like we’ve got something for Autumn and Robert to do for punishment.

[Sally looks around.]

Sally: What?

Max: Cleaning up the laundry, duh.

Sally: Are you serious? They'd never do it right.

Max: How hard can doing laundry really be?

[Pink underwear falls from the ceiling and lands on Max's head.]

Max: Well, what about Robert and Autumn?

Sally: Max, do you even know your sister?

Max: You've always got a plan?

[Sally gives a wink.]

Sally: Now let's get this laundry done.

[Cut to the basement. The two kids are folding laundry.]

Max: Well, I've got my laundry done.

[Sally looks over to it. The shirts are missing the tie.]

Sally: You forgot something.

Max: Hmm?

[Sally gets out her crayons and she starts coloring on it.]

Sally: Personality.People gotta know who’s the boss, right?

Max: Uh… yeah. Have I been too bossy lately?

Sally: Just a little.

Max: Sorry.

Sally: Oh, don’t worry. I’ll use headphones from now on, you’ll go on that shopping spree you told April about and we’ll call it even.

Max: She told you?

[Sally laughs.]

Sally: I can’t believe you went along with that as long as you did.

Max: So, what’s your plan with Robert and Autumn?

Sally: Remember when I said I prepare for the future?

[Cut to Robert and Autumn walking towards each other in the hallway. Robert is dressed as Sally, and Autumn is dressed as Max.]

Robert: You too?

Autumn: Yup.

Robert: Well, you win some, you lose some.

Autumn: Oh shut up.

Sally: {Voice over} Oh Robbie. Oh Autumn! Where are you? You’re late for Sally and Max Appreciation Day!

[Robert and Autumn groan.]